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TRUTH'S EVANGEL

BY

C. LONA MARSTERS

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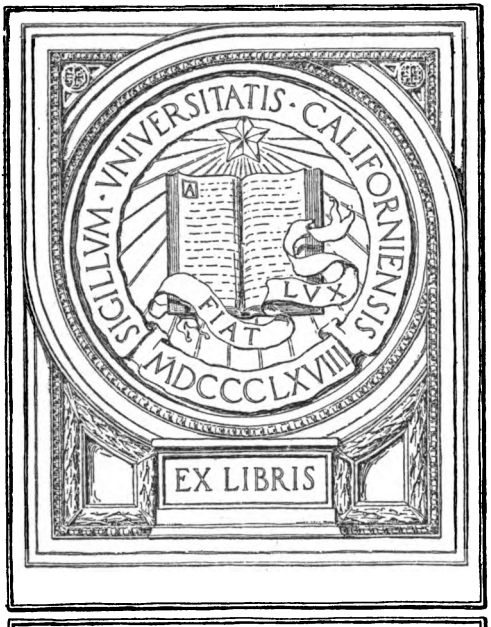

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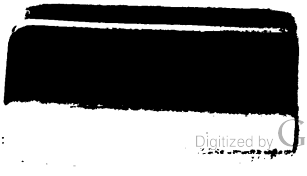

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TRUTH'S EVANGEL

BY

C. LONA MARSTERS

1919
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BY
MRS. C. LONA MARSTERS

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There is a path, which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen.

The lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it.—Job 28: 7, 8.

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DEDICATION

To the pilgrims on Life's journey, toiling up the "hillside steep", bearing the burdens of the day, patiently and lovingly—enduring the trials of each hour—heroes on the firing line of the Army of Prince Michael—this little volume is lovingly dedicated.

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Mrs. C. Lona Marsters, (M. D. C. S.)

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Ask God to give thee skill
  In comfort's art;
That thou mayst consecrated be,
  And set apart
Unto a life of sympathy.

For heavy is the weight of ill
  In every heart;
And Comforters are needed much,
With Christ-like touch.

—A. E. Hamilton.

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Such books as will rule disease out of mortal mind—and so efface the image and thoughts of disease, instead of impressing them with forcible description and medical detail—will help to abate sickness and to destroy it.—Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures, by Mary Baker Eddy.

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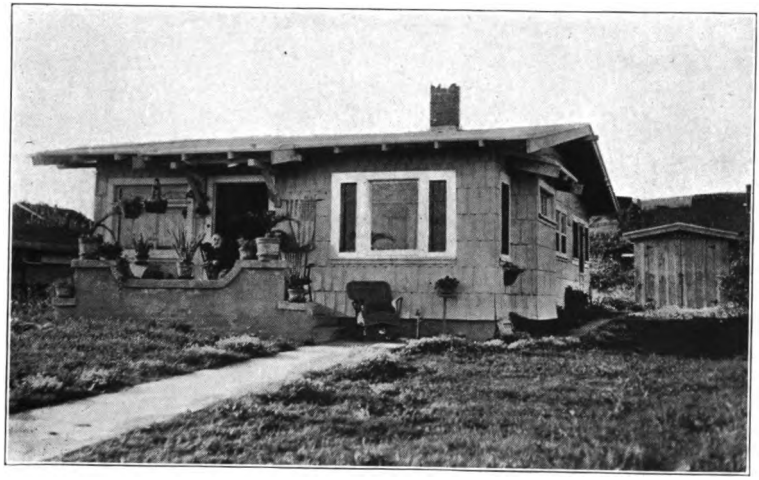

Hill-Crest Villa, Present Home of the Author, Belvedere Heights

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PREFACE

IN presenting this little poem to the public, for their careful perusal, I desire to ask their kindly and gracious judgment for the simple and perhaps imperfect manner in which it is presented. Its rhetoric and rhyme have had to be sacrificed to the convenience of expression, in the endeavor to elucidate the unfoldment of thought, as it presents itslf to the mind of the outhor, in a panoramic view, as she looks out upon the arena of human consciousness, and beholds the illusive conflict waged between truth and error, sense and soul (Rev. 12:7-10), and follows with the mind's eye the unfoldment of spiritual consciousness that alone is able to grapple with and overcome the illusions of sense testimony, arrayed in futile combat against the spiritual truth of being. In this panoramic spiritual vision, where truth is expressed in spiritual consciousness as the only reality, life and power—the human eye follows the conflict waged upon the arena of the mortal mentality, and beholds the wonders, the grandeur, the beauty of Truth's victory over error; of spiritual consciousness over material sense; of Truth's full and perfect triumph over error, mind over matter, and life over death (Rev. 21:1-4).

In the year 1899 the author received to some degree, the spiritual illumination and understanding of the great Truth given to the world by Mary Baker Eddy in her book, as contained in "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures."

The truth that has challenged to battle all the forces of human opinions, and with the sword of the spirit (Matt. 10:34, Ephesians 6:17, Rev. 1:16) of love, has vanquished every foe of material sense, and revealed to the illumined

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mentality the deep secrets of spiritual truth—the things of God. And from this mount of vision, this Horeb height of illumined consciousness, the Spirit of Truth speaks to material sense, and says, "Come up higher." And from this vantage ground, this high altitude of spiritual perception, the spirit of understanding, the spirit of wisdom, the spirit of truth and love brood, like the downy breast of the Dove of Heavenly Peace.

To the earth-worn and weary, the wanderer in the desert of material sense, the hand of love beckons. To the earnst pilgrim, toiling up "the hillside steep" (C. S. Hymnal), Love whispers, "Hear the angels sing!" To the heroes in this mental spiritual journey, those in the firing line of earnest endeavor, those who are "turning the battle to the gates," Faith whispers, "See! Thy day star gleams afar. Press on, O child of promise—the crown of rejoicing is just above thy head, the goal is well-nigh won! Walk carefully and surely in the path that has been clearly marked for thee by she who has gone before,—blazing the way through desert sands, through thorny paths and rugged passes; climbing, climbing onward, upward, putting everything behind that hindered, and with the Spirit's prophetic eye fixed firmly upon the goal, pressed on, making every seeming obstruction a stepping stone; and with each hindrance overcome, found herself lifted one step nearer the goal.

And though these footprints are marked with the evidences of self-sacrifice, wrestling, humility and self-surrender, the path is plain to the willing and obedient,—those who walk by the eye of spirit, and not of material sense; for this path "the vulture's eye hath not seen" (Job 28:7).

But, as each pilgrim following after, beholds the signs where bleeding feet have marked the way, sees and under-

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stands what the conflict has been, where the battles with self have been fought and the victories won, where life vanquished death, the mortal was clothed with immortality, and the corruptible was laid aside for the soul's crown of Incorruption (1 Cor. 15:53).

So, as our beloved Leader followed closely in the footprints of our great way-shower, Jesus the Christ, so must we follow her in the battles with sense and self in this journey from "sense to soul" (Ibid 566:1-9), until we, too, stand the victor; the voice of material sense is forever hushed, and the voice of Spirit sings its glad Jubilate of Life Divine.

The pathway is steep, the journey toilsome, the conflict fierce; but, O, the victory is glorious! The joy that comes with the consciousness of conquered sin, only the tongues of angels can express and seraphim sing.

And so, with Love's bow of promise in our mental sky, and Faith's day-star of hope brightly gleaming, we gird up our loins of consecration, and with the poet sing:

"Though the way seems dark and dreary,
There will come a sweet release,
One shall bring thee past the hill-crest,
Home, unto the plains of peace."
Forever with the Lord. Amen.

CORDELIA LEONARD WILBER MARSTERS

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TRIBUTE

A loving tribute to the life work of Mary Baker Eddy, the discoverer and founder of Christian Science, in which my power of expression, through the pen and human mentality, is entirely inadequate to do even a small meed of justice to so sublime a theme and its wonderful achievement in the flesh, through the flesh and over the flesh—as was accomplished through the consecrated life, the humble, meek, sublime self-abnegation of a life wholly set apart unto God and sanctified through the willing crucifixion of the human will and mortal mentality, until the mortal put on immortality, and the corruptible put on incorruption, and death was swallowed up of life, and the beacon light of truth was left ablaze to shine down through all ages to come, illuming the pathway "from sense to soul" (Ibid) and from the mount of vision rings down the bugle call—"This is the way—walk ye in it"; and over all humanity the "peace flag" floats serene in Heaven's azure blue, and the pure, white Dove of Peace hovers o'er each trusting heart with healing in its wings.

This is the heritage left to humanity by God's sanctified womanhood, that left all for Christ, that she might find her life hid with Christ in God, and clothed upon with life immortal.

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FOREWORD

THE GROWING, developing, expanding, progressing Christian, or Christian Scientist, can never surpass, eclipse nor progress beyond, above or superior to the spiritual truths taught in "Science and Health with Key to the Scripture by Mary Baker Eddy," because these truths are spiritual. They did not originate on the human plane of thought, but had their birth in the Infinite Mind. Therefore, as the advancing Christian progresses in spiritual understanding, this light of truth advances—"illuminates, designates and leads the way" (Ibid), as the "pillar of cloud by day," it protects, shields, broods over and encompasses the illuminated thought. As the "pillar of fire by night," it illumines the advancing, expanding mentality, until spiritual consciousness grapples with and overcomes all sense of materiality, and the Shechinah of God is realized. This is that spiritual state of consciousness—the truth that Jesus spoke of when He said, "I am the light of the world," St. John 9-5;—"The light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," St. John 1-9.

Christian Science is,—and the understanding of it, demonstrates the Shechinah of God, that light which reveals the fulness—the absolute, the true—spiritual sense, which alone is able to understand and interpret God.

Therefore, as the Christian advances—higher—broader—deeper—in spiritual understanding, this wonderful truth—the Shechinah of God—goes before—unfolding—illuminating—advancing—and forever leading the way—until all sense testimony is dropped, and the "true consciousness, which is cognizant only of the things of God" (Ibid—276-

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10) is reached, and the "journey from sense to soul" (Ibid 566-7) is accomplished.

The full realization of this sublime, spiritual truth will lift and dispell the burden of sense testimony, and leave man free to enter into the spiritual consciousness, that the absolute truth, the Shechinah of God is with man—and man is free to enter into the "Holy of Holies," "the secret place of the most high" (thought), there to "abide under the shadow of the Almighty (good).

This is the finished work of God to humanity. This is that voice which Isaiah prophesied of in Chapter 55:1-3. "Ho, everyone that thirsteth—come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye buy and eat. Yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? And your labor for that which satisfied not? Harken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live, and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

And Revelations 22:16, 17. "I, Jesus, have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches. I am the root and offspring of David, and the bright and morning star. And the spirit and the bride say, come! And let him that heareth say, come! And let him that is athirst, come! And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

This is humanity's birthright, when all sense testimony has been overcome, and man awakes to his Godgiven spiritual consciousness, then he may say with the Master:

"Fear not, I have overcome the world." This is the finished journey "From Sense to Soul" (Ibid 566-7).

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"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!"—Isa. 52:7.

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TRUTH'S EVANGEL

1st Listen to the certain sounding
Of the bugle-note of promise
Pressed to lips of Truth's Evangel!
Calling forth the strong and mighty
And the fleet foot of pursuing
In the chase;
Where error, wounded, is pursued;
And bleeding, dying,
Seeks its lair, which is oblivion.

2nd Calling to the young and valiant,
Those whose feet like hinds for swiftness
Scale the rugged mountain passes,
Climb the heights, and leap the chasms;
Fleeing upward, stops, nor falters,
Till the mountain heights of Glory
Burst upon enraptured vision,
And the chase is won by capture.

3rd List ye to the certain sounding
Of the bugle-note of promise
Pressed to lips of Truth's Evangel!
Calling to the worn and weary,
To the sinning, sick, and dying,
"Turn ye! Follow life's fair path of Goodness,
Turn! and live!" saith thy Deliverer.

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4th Calling to the old and feeble,
And the finite sense that's dying.
Where the weary feet of mortals
Leave their foot-prints by their blood-stains;
And the atmosphere of Heaven,
Hear their moans, their prayers ascending,
And their tears, are watched by angels.

5th List ye! Catch the glorious message
From the silver-throated bugle,
Pressed to lips of Truth's Evangel!
Ringing down the planes of ages,
Sounding through the halls of silence;
Waking, rousing dormant powers
That for ages long have slumbered,
From the deadly draught of error.

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6th Listen! Hear the heavenly message
Of the silver-throated bugle
Pressed to lips of Truth's Evangel!
'Tis the antidote for poison,
Like a red-hot moulten fluid
Surging through each vein and sinew
Of the false material senses,
That have bound with chains of darkness
All the mental, free, Mind forces,
That reflect the God-like Spirit,
And would hinder man's dominion.

7th Hear ye not its sweet tones swelling
On the atmosphere of conscience,
Waking all the dormant powers,
Slumbering in the human senses,
Calling to new life and beauty,
And revealing hidden treasures
Locked within the dark recesses
Of the human's grand unfolding.

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8th List ye! Harken to the sounding
Of the bugle-note of promise,
Pressed to lips of Truth's Evangel!
Calling to the perfect manhood
Of the thought that's reached perfection,
Where the robe of Truth's white vestment,
Wraps the form in Love's pure mantle,
'Till, in consciousness of Spirit
And its perfect pure creations,
Heals, and blesses and delivers,
All who come to it for cleansing,
All who come to it for healing,
All who come to this pure fountain
Of the healing Truth of Spirit.
Where the streams of living waters
Flow from out the mind illumined,
By the consciousness of Spirit;
And the Truth of Love's creating.
Here, the cleansing, sweet baptism
Maketh whole, by Love's pure washing;
And the heavy-laden pilgrims,
Leaving every load behind them,
Journeys on with songs of gladness.

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9th Bend thy ear to catch the message
From the silver-throated bugle
Pressed to lips of Truth's Evangel!
There's a calling to the rally,
Where the heroes of Truth's standard,
Flock to don their heavenly armors,
And to gird their swords for battle.
There's a war that rages fiercely
'Twixt the army of the dragon
And the angel hosts of Michael
Which are symbols of Truth's battles,
Waged against material senses,
And the claims of error's forces,
Which oppose the Truth of Being.

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10th Fail ye not to catch the message,
Of the silver-throated bugle,
Pressed to lips of Truth's Evangel,
'Tis a call "to arms!" now sounding,
'Tis a rallying to the standard,
Of a mighty cause; now wrestling
With the minions of Apollyon.
That vile serpent of the senses,
That deceiver, serpent talker,
That beguiles the mind that wavers,
'Till it yields as error's captive.

11th Now, the soldiers of Prince Michael,
Panoplied with Truth's bright armor,
March abreast into the conflict,
To deliver error's captive,
From the tyranny of false sense,
And its bondage and oppression,
Where the Dragon of false senses
Holds dominion in the empire,
Of the mortal sense delusion.

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Now the Soldiers of Prince Michael,
Panoplied with Truth's bright armor,
March abreast into the conflict.

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12th Crowd ye close to hear the message
Of the silver-throated bugle,
Pressed to lips of Truth's Evangel,
There's a war that rages fiercely,
Strong and mighty in the conflict,
For tis waged on the arena
Of the empire of the senses.
Here, the angel of Prince Michael,
He who challenges to battle
All the minioins of Apollyon,
Meet, to settle, once, forever,
All the arguments of error,
And to set Truth's banners flying
From the mountain peaks of reason,
And proclaim, Truth hath dominion
And the mind of man unfettered.

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13th Listen, hear this glorious message,
Of the silver-throated bugle,
Pressed to lips of Truth's Evangel,
Heralding the glorious tidings.
Calling forth, from out all nations,
All the sons of God together.
Those his "Kings and Priests" well armored,
Those who serve God in Truth's temple,
Those who bear the glorious message,
Of the Truth that frees from error.
Those who open wide the fountain,
Of the living streams of healing.
Those, whose God-illumined vision
Lifts the mortal from their sense dream;
Into Truth's inspired vision,
'Till it grapples with, and conquers,
All the errors of the senses.
Strong are they, and mighty warriors,
Those who stand upon the platform
And refute the claims of error.
Driving back the clouds of darkness,
Of the mystifying senses,
That would hinder man from seeing.
And dispelling the illusions
With the brightness of Truth's shining,

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Those who bear the glorious message,
Of the Truth that frees from error.

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14th With an open palm of blessing,
With a heart by Love made tender,
And a wisdom that surpasses,
All the wisdom of the ancients,
Wisdom that knows how to sever
'Twixt the real and the seeming.
Love so tender, Love so real,
That it woos the hardened sinner
From his sins, with glad repentance;
And binds up the broken-hearted,
Pouring in the oil of gladness.
Giving beauty for dull ashes
Of the human sense delusion.
Soothing pain, and healing sickness,
Beating back the monster death,
Putting it to rout forever,
By the Truth that knows no death.
Lifting up the weary, fallen,
Loosening heavy loads of care,
Bringing out sweet songs of gladness
On the sweet love-laden air.
Showing man he has dominion
Over every sense of care.

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15th This, the work of Truth's brave heroes,
Toiling in the lecture field.
Sowing fields for golden harvest,
Great indeed shall be the yield.
And the Angels are the reapers,
Gathering in the golden grain
That has ripened in Love's sunshine,
Of the Truth that heals all pain.
Heals all sorrow and all mourning,
By the Spirit's gentle reign.

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16th How this wakes the diapason
Of the Dragon's seven thunders,
Swelled with rage, and fierce with fury;
Black with malice, envy, hate,
Belching forth fierce flames of fire,
With a zeal that will not wait,
Will not listen to the pleadings
Of the Father's mind of Love.
Will not heed the heavenly calling,
Of the Spirit's pure white dove.
But, to froth and foam and fury
Lashes all material senses:
And his minions ever ready,
Quick obey his call, "Come hence!"
As he sets his bugle blaring.

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17th See them come from every mart,
Pressing close to touch the banner
Stained with blood from bleeding heart.
See him now command his ofrces,
Hear him give his quick command:
"Take possession! use full power!
For our triumph is at hand.
Hold possession of our Kingdom.
Spike the guns of Truth, our foe.
Every man behind his breast-works.
Let your deadly missiles go
Straight into the ranks of Michael.
Send your deadly shells of hate,
Keep ye well behind the breast-works
Of delusion's vast estate.
Take possession of the passes
Left unguarded by the foe.
Into every secret chamber
Of the senses quickly go;
There to hide, and skulk, disguising,
Many times your form as friend.
But to gain this place of power,
Every subtle influence lend."

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18th Here the minions of the Dragon
Pitch their tents, and build their fortress,
Strong within the human senses.
And send forth their deadly missiles,
And their barbed and poisoned arrows,
Of the human sense that argues,
For the right to hold dominion
In the citadel of reason.
But there is a mighty fortress
With its parapets and towers,
And its walls all finely armored
With the cannons of Love's message,
And their gunmen standing ready,
With their torch of Truth all lighted
Ready to ignite the powder,
That shall send their cannons booming,
Out into the planes of reason.
Loaded well with grape-shot bullets;
And the shells of Love's sweet message,
Bursting high in air, then lighting
In a holy benediction
On the weary, faint and faltering,
Bringing in through Love's Baptism,
Sense of peace, and rest and blessing.

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19th High this mighty fort is builded
On the mountain peaks of reason;
On the plateau of pure Spirit.
Planted there by God's own wisdom,
And the hand of Love that buildeth.
Garrisoned, are these, his soldiers,
With their armor bright and gleaming,
And their banners proudly flying,
Heralding to every nation,
Every kindred, every people,
Every tongue that needs the blessing,
That the very God of Heaven,
Has come down to dwell with mortals,
Changing all their mortal seeming
For the Truth of Immortal being.

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Holds his fort where Truth's bright banner,
Floats serene amid the breezes.

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20th Michael now commands his army,
Which are Truth's most valiant heroes.
Holds his fort where Truth's bright banner,
Floats serene amid the breezes
Of the atmosphere of Spirit.
Marshals now his hosts for battle,
Leads them on into the conflict,
Armored well are they, his soldiers.
On their brow bright helmets glisten,
O'er their heart the shield of faith gleams,
And their feet are shod with sandals
Of the message of Truth's gospel.
In their hand the bright sword glistens,
Of the Spirit's power and presence;
Piercing to the quick undoing,
The delusions that confront them.

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21st And the infantry with muskets
Loaded well nigh to the muzzle
With Love's message to the fallen,
And to all who need Love's succor.
Oh, the beauty! Oh, the grandeur!
Of this Heaven-inspired army!
This blood-washed and ransomed army,
This battalion marching onward,
Marching upward with their muskets;
With their haversacks and canteens,
Ready to relieve the faltering,
And to offer drink and succor
To the ones whose feet now falter.
To the ones whose hearts grow weary,
And who sink beneath earth's burdens.

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Oh, the beauty! Oh, the grandeur!
Of this Heaven-inspired army!

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22nd Oh, this sparkling cup of blessing!
This life-giving, healing, blessing,
In the hands of her who prayeth,
She who long hath climbed this mountain,
Of the heart's deep inspiration.
Scales the principle of praises,
Climbs the heights in Spirit's pathway,
Fearing not the hiss of serpents,
Heeding not the piercing briars,
Scaling safely stones of stumbling,
And the pitfalls of the senses.
'Til at last, she stands triumphant
On the broad plateau of Spirit.
She has wrestled, she has conquered.
She has vanquished all the seeming.
Yes! At last she stands the victor,
In the atmosphere of Spirit.
Here she knows the Truth of Being,
Here, she sees man is unfallen,
And her prayers, like benediction
Falling in Love's holy silence
Heals, and blesses, soothes and comforts,
And the sense of sin and sorrow,
Pain and anguish are forgotten,
In the joy of Truth's pure healing.

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23rd Yes! This Pisgah height of promise,
This high altitude of Spirit,
Has been gained through perseverance,
And a consecration holy.
To the task of overcoming,
All the mental opposition
That opposes Spirit's progress;
And would chain with human fetters,
Of the mortal sense delusions,
Man's capacity to reason,
From Truth's high and holy view-point,
Of the vantage ground of Spirit.

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24th Inspiration is the whisper
Of the Spirit's power and presence,
Speaking to the finer senses,
That are freed from error's thraldom.
And where ear is taught to listen
And attuned to catch the message
Of the pleading voice of Spirit,
Speaking to the inner conscience,
And illuming all the being,
With a light that leadeth upward.
With a hand that guideth upward,
Beckoning, cheering, leading upward,
Till the feet hath gained Truth's portals,
And she stands within the shelter,
Of the Father's house of blessing,

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25th O'er the boisterous, stormy Jordan,
Through the Red Sea's fearful waters,
Over rocks and stones of stumbling,
Through the paths all hedged with briars,
Piercing, wounding, in hate's malice
Hindering every upward movement,
Of the climbing of Life's journey.
But the hand of Love ne'er wavered,
Guiding over dangerous places,
And the voice of Spirit whispered,
"Courage!" to the fainting senses.
Till at last the journey ended,
And at last she reached the goal.
Every single footstep taken
On the path from "sense to soul,"
And with bated breath and holy,
Breathes the fervent prayer of praise,
Father! Father God, I thank thee,
That thou leadest me always.

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26th In the paths in which I know not,
Many times the way seemed dim,
But the hand of Love still guided,
Up, and out, from error's din.
To this altitude of Spirit,
Where the fires of God burn bright
On the altar of our being,
Flooding all our hearts with light,
And revealing hidden secrets,
Hid from mortals' blinded sight.
Here thou givest the cup of blessing,
Wine of inspiration pure,
Opening wide our understanding,
To the Truths that will endure,
Through all ages of the future,
Changing not, but brighter grow
As unfoldment meets our vision,
And its Spirit's meaning know,
Changing all the human senses,
To the light of Spirit's glow.

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27th See! She kneels in deepest reverence,
Bows the head in humble prayer,
But this prayer is not petition,
It is worship, seeing clear,
That the work of God is finished,
From beginning, through all years,
And is good, and needs no changing,
Needs no supplicating tear.

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28th God's creation, pure and holy,
Like its author, dwells in light;
To the spiritual creation,
Comes no dark and dreadful night
Of material sense delusions,
Filling mind with dread and fear,
Of the senses' accusations,
Sin, and death, and scalding tear.
All these errors are delusions,
Not the Truth of Being pure,
Not the fact about creation,
Not the Truth that will endure;
But are only mortal shadows,
Which the Truth of Love dispells,
Shining bright upon the creature,
Drying up these mortal wells
Of the human grief, and sorrow,
Turning all to joy and praise.
Gushing forth these living fountains,
Flowing on through endless days,

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29th Here the secret things of Spirit,
Are revealed to human sight,
And the hem of Christ's robe touching,
Floods the human sense with light,
Till she sees the healing fountain.
Living streams are brought to sight;
And she finds her life immortal,
Dwelling ever in the light.
Living streams and living fountains;
Now she knows that in God's sight,
They are lives of his dear children,
That reflect the Spirit's light;
Spirit's power and Spirit's blessing,
Spirit's healing, cleansing Love.
At this ever-flowing fountain,
Broods the Spirit of the Dove.
Love's compassionate forgiveness,
Gentle graces, like the Dove.
Here is healing, here is blessing,
Through the Spirit of the Dove.

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There, to roam in verdant pastures,
Walk beside the purling stream.

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30th See! She stands on Truth's high mountain,*
Calling all to leave their nets,
Of the human sense delusions,
Where the real, and only, dwell,
And to climb the heights of Spirit,
Where the real, and only, dwell,
Where is Life and light and gladness,
And no atmosphere of Hell
Can pervade this heavenly conscience.
Here is where Love's children dwell.
Sending forth their stream of blessing,
That will heal earth's grief and pain,
That will lighten every burden,
Bring them back to Heaven again.
There, to roam in verdant pastures,
Walk beside the purling stream;
There to see the tree of Life grow,
And to hear the angels sing.

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*See Frontispiece.

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31st There to feast on heavenly manna,
Strike their golden harps of praise,
Dwell beside the living fountains,
There redeemed from earth's dark ways;
From its shadows and its seemings,
Its delusions and its fears.
From its pits of sin and sorrow,
From its anguish and its tears,
And in atmosphere of heaven,
Stand they ever in the right.
Sending forth Love's streams of healing,
Bringing all into the light
Of the Spirit's understanding;
Of the power of Love to heal,
Of the prayer that brings the blessing,
Of the Spirit which we feel,
Lifting us from out the gloaming,
Standing us upon our feet,
Bringing us into the presence,
Of our thoughts made pure and sweet,
Of our life made pure and holy,
And in every way complete.

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32nd What a wondrous, wondrous message,
From the silver-throated bugle,
Pressed to lips of Truth's Evangel!
Can ye hear this heavenly calling?
Do ye understand its message?
Fraught with Life, and Love, and beauty,
And translating from the Spirit
To the human understanding,
The great verities of Being.
Teaching you like rules in Science,
Of the algebraiac problems,
How to transpose from the mortal,
And the human rules of error,
Cancelling each false assertion,
And translating back to Spirit,
And its laws, its rules of guidance.

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33rd Till in consciousness is written
All the laws of God, made perfect
To the human understanding.
And there dawns within our being
The full radiance of Spirit.
And illumines all the mortal,
With its spiritual effulgence,
Of the Truth perceived and welcomed.
Till by Spirit 'tis translated,
To behold the life immortal,
And to clothe itself in beauty,
Of the radiance of Truth's brightness,
Laying off the earth-stained garments,
And the consciousness of error,
To be clothed in Truth's white raiment
And the life that knows no dying.

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34th Oh, a mighty work awaits us,
Mightier far than cube root problems,
More important than the solving
Of the mysteries of Euclid.
Or the calling them by number,
Or by names; the stars of heaven,
Or by solving all the Science
Of the waters, or the ether.
How the oceans float great warships,
How man sails aloft in ether,
With his mighty ships, as birds fly,
Or the wireless message sending,
Round the world like flash of lightning,
Or, the period awaiting,
Which the laws of progress dictate,
Which is now in vital process
Of annihilating fully
All the human laws of error.
And reveals the law of Spirit,
In its process of destruction
Of the laws of time and spaces,
Which now limit man's full powers,
Of a perfect full dominion.

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35th For the time is coming swiftly,
It is well-nigh at our threshold,
When the laws of transportation
Shall annihilate all spaces,
And reduce time down to seconds,
'Twixt the great far Eastern cities,
And the ones on the Pacific,
Shall be traversed in few seconds,
By the mighty cars, steel armored,
And suspended from great cables,
High in air, shot from their stations,
By the Lamson System perfect,
That now sends our cash for changing
In the stores of the great cities.

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36th Yes, the time is coming swiftly,
When man knows that he can signal
With the wireless signal service,
All the different stars and planets,
With its unknown constellations
Yet to be revealed by wisdom.
Find the way to send their message,
And to talk with man as brother,
And the progress of the ages,
Still revealing greater wonders,
Brings to sight the laws of Spirit.
With all mortal error conquered
Man beholds his full dominion.
Sees he does not need material,
Or the human laws of action
To connect him with the real.

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37th But, as Jesus Christ, our brother,
Proved dominion o'er the senses,
Conquered death, and vanquished error,
To ascend above the senses,
In the clouds of Glory, waiting,
To possess his home in Spirit.
So, shall man all error vanquished
Have dominion and full power
Over sense of limitation.
And will know that clouds of glory,
Is the understanding perfect
Of the mind of Love and wisdom
That reveals the Truth of Being.
Then is man, and all creation
Redeemed from the earth of seeming,
And in fullest, conscious blessing
Dwells forever with the Father.
This is what man learns from wisdom,
That sweet mother of God's children.*

*Proverbs 8.

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38th When all fetters of earth's binding
Have been broken and destroyed,
And man hears the Spirit's whisper,
Hears the Truth that's unalloyed,
And he knows his Christ, Redeemer,
He that saves from every woe,
And he hears the voice of power,
Speaking, "Loose him! Let him go!"
Then he knows that he has vanquished
Every seeming sense of foe.

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39th Man, in solving Life's great problem,
Will discern how more important
'Tis to solve the Truth of Being,
And discerns the law that governs
And controls man's spiritual Being.
For the law of God that governs
Rules in equity and justice,
Rules in harmony and sweetness,
Rules in Love that knows no malice,
No dishonesty, or cheating.
In the balances of justice
Weighs he out his neighbor's portion,
"As I have loved you, so love ye!"
This shall be man's motto, guiding
Him in understanding, purely,
How it was that Jesus loved us,
So that Love could do the healing,

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40th It was just Love recognizing
Its own spiritual creation.
Always blessed and unfallen,
And refusing and rejecting
All the claims and laws of senses.
Silencing its voice forever,
'Til it ceases its complaining,
And forever disappearing.
And the voice of Love remaining,
Finds naught left but Love's creating.
This is wealth untold, surpassing,
All material wealth of mortals,
Here are treasures, here are riches,
That the moths cannot destroy.
Fires cannot kindle on it,
Thieves cannot break through and steal it,
For the Bank of Heaven holds it,
It is Truth, and Truth is eternal.

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41st This you plummet line and measure,
This your rule by which to go by,
It is Good, for Good is real,
And belongs to Truth eternal.
And you're safe in giving, giving,
Everything that's good and real.
Give no thing to any mortal,
That is not the good, and blessed,
And accept none but the good.
If it is not good, refuse it,
Cancel it, God did not give it.
Good is real, Good is only,
Cancel everything beside it.
Everything, save Truth's fair image.
When you've learned this lesson fully,
You have solved the Truth of Being.
Then you have your full dominion,
God's blest gift, your full dominion.

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42nd This is only Mind's unfolding,
This is Spirit's revelation,
Of the power and blessed presence
Of the One, Divine Creator!
Drawing all his children nearer,
To the conscious understanding,
Of the only life as Spirit.
To accomplish this transition,
To work out its fullest meaning,
And to bring to conscious being
The pure life that knows no sinning,
The full life with rounded measure,
And in every way agreeing,
With the Life that is the pattern,
Not one jot or tittle lacking,
Not one whisper from the senses.
This the key, and this the secret,
Be, what God in wisdom made you,
Stay, where God in Wisdom placed you.
In his image, in his likeness,
In the conscious realms of blessing,
In the realm where Good is only.
Where no breath of aught beside it,
Can pervade the peaceful presence.

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43rd So the mighty battle rages,
On the arena of the senses,
'Twixt Prince Michael and the Dragon.
Michael is the Truth which conquers,
All the arguments of error,
With the Truth that ne'er is vanquished.
For it shines as light eternal,
Chasing off the darkening shadows
Of the senses fear and doubting.
Bringing in the light and sunshine,
Of the radiance of Spirit,
Of the soft, sweet glow of Spirit.

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44th As these color-bearers bravely
Keep their banners softly waving
In the foreground of the battle,
On the firing-line of battle,
Where the shot and shell of error,
In its deadly aim of hatred,
Seeks to strike, and wound to dying,
These brave heroes of Truth's army.
But a wondrous scene is pictured
On the battlefield of error.
All their grape-shot, bombs and bullets—
All their barbed and poisoned arrows,
That were hurled with death's fierce hatred,
Missed their mark, and fell, unheeded—
Bursting, leaving naught but vapor,
Where they thought to deal a death blow.
For the focus of their vision
Missed the mark of Truth's high standard,
And the bombast of their effort,
Only slew their false conception;
And their arguments all wasted,
Naught had they left, to make answer.

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45th Now, the angels of Prince Michael,
Those who stand for Truth's white banner,
Stand abreast, as man with brother,
And within their long straight columns,
As one man their weapons lifting
To their shoulders to take sure aim,
Shoot the bullets of Love's message,
Straight into the ranks of error.
See the minions of Apollyon,
Now with consternation tremble,
As they stand amazed and silent,
Realizing for the first time,
That they aimed at their own target;
Their own target of false sense.
Not the banner of the "Peace Flag"
Floating loyally above them,
But their own mistaken senses,

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46th Truth's sweet message, as swift bullets
Pierce the armor of their false sense,
Reach their mark, and wound to dying,
Self-will's power, that has bound them,
Long in slavery to the senses.
See the ranks of error tremble!
Falter, hesitate, then scatter.
All their false sense is seen flying,
Hastening into dark oblivion.
Leaving now unshackled, free, man,
Who can claim God's given birthright.
Who can leave the planes of seeming,
In the parched Sahara Desert,
Of the human sense delusions,
For the fertile, cool oasis.
For the springs of living waters.
In the green and verdant pastures,
Leading up to heights supernal.
Here, to bask in Love's pure sunshine,
And the consciousness of Heaven.

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47th Hear the cannon from Truth's fortress
Boom her mighty guns of welcome,
As the "Flag of Truce" comes floating,
Onward, upward, to Truth's heroes,
And the victors, and the vanquished,
Meet to clasp each hand as brother.

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Here, the prodigal returning,
To the Father's house for blessing.

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48th Truth is mighty, always victor,
Where the armor bearer surely
Is equipped with Love's sweet message.
Here is healing, here is blessing,
Here, the Magdalena weeping,
Breaks her alabaster perfume
Of a sense that's freed from sinning,
At the feet of Truth's white angel,
Which is Love, and Peace and Mercy.
Here, the prodigal returning,
To the Father's house for blessing,
Leaves the husks of starving senses,
For the bounty of Truth's giving.

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49th Here is healing, here is blessing,
And no poisonous arrows flying,
That can wound the gentle senses.
But will soothe and bind with blessing,
All the wounded, torn and grieving,
Pouring in Love's healing portion.
Pointing upward to the promise,
That is given to the faithful,
Leading to the cleansing fountain
Of Love's holy, sweet baptism.
Washing white the crimson conscience,
From the all accusing senses,
Teaching each to fight their battles,
Safely against the claims of error,
And distinguish clear and certain,
'Twixt the real and the seeming.

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50th Old Apollyon, or the Dragon,
Is the symbol of the senses
That are human, mortal, error,
Mortal mind's belief in matter,
That there is a power that knows not,
And is separate from goodness.
Michael's mission is the knowing
That the only Truth of Being
Is the great fact of God's Allness.
That there is no place or power,
In the universe of Being,
That can hold a drop, iota,
Of a power opposed to goodness,
Of a presence, mind, or seeming,
Separate, and not included
In the great heart of the Father;

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51st Hence, the great lie of the Dragon,
As the symbol of the senses,
Telling man that he is fallen,
Separated, or apart from,
The great Mind of God, that blesses.
All creation are God's children,
Bear his nature, life and likeness,
For He only is creator,
And creation like its Author,
Dwells forever in the real.

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52nd Hence the harbinger of mercy,*
Standing on the heights sublime,
Sounds her silver- throated bugle,
Over sea, and land and clime,
Sending forth the glorious message,
Of the morning's dawn of Love.
Of the "Prince of Peace" returning,
Of the descent of the Dove,
To the hearts who long have waited,
In their prison house of clay,
Which is only error's seeming,
Truth dissolves these mists away.
All who are watching for the morning,
To them comes this dawn of day.

*See Frontispiece.

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53rd 'Tis the surcease from the battle,
Truth's beams chase these clouds away.
For the swords are turned to plow-shares.
Ripening fields about us lay.
And the spears now prune the vintage,
And no more from sorrow's cup,
Sip we longer, in our anguish,—
Love hath dried our tears all up.
For the wine of inspiration,
Of Truth's healing power divine,
Cheers and comforts all who drink it,
At this ever-flowing shrine.

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54th See the white-robed Truth's Evangel,
With her silver-throated bugle,
Pressed to lips inspired by promise,
Of the coming child of blory,
Of the Christ, Truth, the deliverer,
Who should come again to Zion,
And deliver from all bondage,
From all error and oppression,
Zion's captives, who have languished,
In foul dungeons of the senses,
Bursting prison bars asunder,
Striking off the iron fetters,
Swinging open error's portals,
Bringing out the blinded captives,
To the sunlight of God's presence,
Dawning on their waking vision.

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55th List ye! Hearken to the sounding,
Of the silver-throated bugle,
Pressed to lips of Truth's Evangel,
Calling to the wedding supper,
Of the bride, and of the bridegroom,
All the guests whose robes are ready,
White and glistening,
And whose coming is not hindered,
By earth's mandates.
Where the water of the senses,
Turn to royal wine of Spirit,
And the bridal feast is furnished,
From the substance Truth has given.
Where the senses of the human,
Yield their life to Truth's enfolding,
And to conscious Love awaking,
Find all Life in God, as Spirit.

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56th See this blessed Truth's Evangel,
With her silver-throated bugle,
Pressed to lips now touched with fire,
Of the inspiration holy,
From the altar of Love's kindling.
See the fetters disappearing,
See the bars all broke in sunder.
And the stones of stumbling, gathered
From the paths of the unwary.
See the heavy burdens lightened,
And the heart that's faint and drooping,
Sent upon its way rejoicing
With the songs of praise, and gladness.
And these multitudes rejoicing,
Press to answer to the calling,
To the calling, calling, calling,
Of the gentle Truth's Evangel.

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57th See! We stand before thee, waiting,
Eager now to catch the message,
Of the silver-throated bugle,
Pressed to lips of Truth's Evangel.
See! We come from every nation,
Every kindred, every people,
Every tongue, where gleams the promise,
Far as curse has held in bondage,
So, shall roll the tide of blessing,
To the uttermost far borders,
Of the consciousness of being,
There shall float the pure white banner,
Heralding man's full dominion.
Hail! Thou beauteous Truth's Evangel,
Sound thy silver-throated bugle!
Lo! We come! All nation's hear thee,
And on pinions swift, inspired,
Crowd we to Truth's royal banquet,
There, to drain the cup of promise,
In fruitions grand fulfillment.

Amen.

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RESURRECTION

Roll ye away the stone,
For lo! the day is breaking;
Let in the morning light,
For earth to life is waking.
Unbind the mortal form,
And burst death's bands asunder;
Immortal thought is born.
Roll back! ye clouds of thunder,
Reveal the Risen Lord,
The unbound child of glory;
Man's triumph o'er the tomb.
Haste ye, and tell the story,
Man's victory over sin.
Through truth's wide open portal
Appears the form divine,
Life, Love, and Truth, immortal.

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In love's fair garden bower,
Commune ye, with thy Saviour,
The ascended thought of life,
Hath changed dark earth's behavior,
And let the glory in;
The immortal life, and splendor,
All radiant from the tomb—
Christ, Truth, so fair and tender.
Ascend ye, with thy Lord,
To mountain heights of glory;
Where thought, transfigured, stands.*
Waiting to tell the story
Of truth's redeeming power;
Of love's sweet grace and blessing.
Hearts, wooed from earth away,
To life's clear stream are pressing.

* See Frontispiece.

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TRANSLATION

'Tis where the storms of earth hath ceased,
'Tis where the surges cease to roll,
'Tis where the calm of sweet surcease
Breaks o'er the soul,
Eternity, Eternity.

'Tis where no sorrows ever come,
They were wrought out on time's sad shore,
Whence, Life, and Love, and Truth, Divine,
Do bear thee o'er.
Eternity, Eternity.

'Tis where all earthly sense hath fled,
And yielded up its base control,
And here and now, error lies dead,
O, conscious soul,
Eternity, Eternity.

Oh, happy soul, thy work is done,
Thy transit made from time's dark shore,
To the eternal realms of light,
Forevermore,
Eternity, Eternity.

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TRANSITION

Father, I come to thee!
The toilsome journey passed,
The victory won.
My bark of life hath stemmed earth's raging sea,
Its keel now grates upon the eternal shore.
It's anchored safe within Shekinah's veil,
And, O. my soul is tempest tossed no more,
Father, I come to thee.

Father, I come to thee,
The scenes of the false sense of earth have fled,
And Life Eternal bursts upon my view.
Father, to thee, I turn from all my dead,
The portals open wide,
My ransomed self I view,
Triumphantly I sing, the prize is won,
Father, I come to thee.

Father, I come to thee,
My weary journey o'er. "From sense to Soul,"*
The veil of mortal life is rent in twain,
Thy likeness I behold,
My sinless self I see,
And all my ransomed being now is free again,
Triumphantly I sing,
I've reached the goal!
Father, I come to thee.

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*Ibid

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